

THE
HAUNTED TOWER,

A COMIC OPERA

IN THREE ACTS.



AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Written by Mr. COBB.

DUBLIN

Printed for P. BURNS, Grafton-Street; and
J. JONES, College-Street

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Lord William,
Baron of Oakland,
Hugo,
Lewis,
De Courcy,
Robert,
Martin,
Charles,
Hubert,
Servant,
And Edward,



Mr. Kelly.
Mr. Baddely.
Mr. Moody.
Mr. Suett.
Mr. Whitfield.
Mr. Dignum.
Mr. Willames.
Mr. Sedgwick.
Mr. Webb.
Mr. Lyons.
Mr. Bannister, jun.

W O M E N.

Lady Elinor,
Cicely,
Maud,
And Adela,

Mrs Crouch.
Miss Romanzini.
Mrs Booth.
Signora Storace.

Chorus of Peasants, Huntsmen, Soldiers, &c.

THE
HAUNTED TOWER,

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The Sea, Dover Cliffs and Castle—
Thunder and Light'ning.

Lewis and several Attendants of Lady Elinor appear in a boat, they land—then Enter Fishermen and Peasants, male and female different sides, who sing the following

CHORUS.

TO Albion's Genius raise the strain,
Whose power has aw'd the angry main,
And gives us shelter on the coast
Of this blest Isle, old Ocean's boast.
See, retiring o'er the deep
Distant lightnings harmless sweep;
The storm condemn'd to lose its prey,
In hollow murmurs dies away.

[Exit Lewis.]

Fishermen and Peasants Exit on each side, Lady Elinor and Cicely appear in a boat and land. Lady Elinor plainly dress'd.

Cicely—Now madam, give me leave to congratulate you on your safe arrival on the English coast.

Lady Elinor—Ah Cicely, if the storm that opposed our landing had fulfilled its threats, it wou'd have reliev'd me from a world of misery.

Cice—Are you then resolv'd to obey your father and become the victim of his ambition, by marry-

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ing.

ing the young Baron of Oakland, whom you have never seen?

L. Eli—I am, at least I think I am.

Cice—O, Madam! how can you determine to forget Sir Palamede, he who loves you so.

L. Eli—Poor Palamede, yet, why was he absent when I left my father's court? why did he not bid me adieu?—

Enter Lewis and Maud.

Lew—Madam, most of your attendants are come ashore, but it's a great way to Oakland Castle, and its very cold.

L. Eli—Where are they?

Lew—Why, Madam, at this good old lady's cottage, where there is a charming fire, and I wou'd advise you madam, to go there and warm yourself, for I am sure you must be very cold.

[Exit Lady Elinor and Maud.]

Cice—*[To Lewis who offers to follow.]* Where are you going for? Stay here and wait for the rest of Lady Elinor's attendants; and do you hear, the next voyage you take, I wou'd advise you to keep yourself sober.

[Exit.]

Lew—Why, that's very pretty indeed, so, I am to stay here freezing by way of a direction post, I got tipsey and lost my money in France, and began to come to myself, when I was about half seas over; and now when I thought, I shou'd be comfortable by a good fire, I must remain freezing here, in all the horrors of sobriety. It is the fate of genius to make discoveries by which other people profit—why, who have we here? sure it can't be! yes it is—what my dear Master, Sir Palamede!

Enter Lord William.

L. Wil—Is that Lewis?

Lew—Yes sir, I was Lewis, till I was froze into an icicle, how did you come over from Normandy?

L. Wil

L. Wil—In the same ship with you, though concealed from the knowledge of Lady Elinor.

Lew—I guess the rest, ah! you are a happy man, you are in love; I wish I was in love or in liquor, then I shou'd have warmth enough in me to brave the weather.

L. Wil—I saw your Lady land, whither is she gone?

Lew—Why, Sir, to a cottage hard by, where is such a delightful fire-side:—Oh, I wish, I dar'd, follow her.

L. Wil—Go, thither instantly—and say, I intreat permission to fulfil my duty in attending her.

Lew—I'll be there immediately, but may I say I came by your orders.

L. Wil—Yes, begone!—[Exit Lewis.] To what a wayward fate, am I subjected to love!—without hope and to pursue disappointment.

A I R—Lord William.

From Hope's fond dream tho' Reason wake,
In vain she points with warning hand;
I dread advice I cannot take,
Love's powerful spells my steps command.

The bird, thus fascination binds,
When darting from the serpent's eyes,
The fatal charm too late he finds,
He struggles, and admiring dies.

SCENE—*The inside of Maud's cottage.*

Enter Lady Elinor, Cicely and Lewis.

L. Eli—How Lewis, Sir Palamede in the same ship with us, and coming here immediately!

Lew—Yes Madam, if he is not froze by the way.

L. Eli—[*Aside to Cicely*] Oh, Cicely! assist me to conceal my joy,—What can Sir Palamede mean,

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mean by surprizing me thus?—agreeably—oh! heavens he is here.

[Exit Lewis.]

Enter Lord William.

L. Wil—Pardon my intrusion Madam! an humble dependant on the Lord de Courcy, may well dread his presumption.

L. Eli—Sir, the clandestine manner, in which you quitted my father's court, renders it impossible for me to consider you as his friend.

L. Wil—Oh, forgive me!—long I ador'd you in secret, and shou'd have fallen a silent sacrifice to my presumptuous love.

L. Eli—Was it well done to take advantage of my father's friendship for you, and watch an opportunity to triumph over the weakness of his daughter—not that you ever will triumph over her weakness;—but—but why did you follow me?

Cice—Ah Sir, why did you follow my Lady?

L. Wil—Destiny compelled me hither, compelled me to a land where my footsteps are forbidden, where my presence is a treason, where my life is proscrib'd!

L. Eli—Good heaven, what have you to fear!

L. Wil—Nothing: for I have lost you.

L. Eli—I must not trust myself to pity him—
Yet how can I avoid it, in seeing him unhappy.

A I R—Lady Elinor.

Tho' pity I can not deny,

Ah! what will that avail you?

Alas! I dare not hope supply,

For hope too sure wou'd fail you.

Think when the flatterer shall deceive,

In vain you will repent you;

Yet should you hope without my leave,

'Tis true I can't prevent you.

My

My hand directed to bestow,
 In England here I'm landed;
 And daughters always act, you know,
 Just as they are commanded.
 Then let not flattering hope deceive,
 Or else you will repent you;
 Yet shou'd you hope without my leave,
 'Tis true I can't prevent you.

[Exit Lady Elinor and Cicely]

Enter Maud and Martin.

Maud—Sir; I beg your honour's pardon for my boldness, but do you accompany the Lady, because my Grandson, Martin here, will be your guide to the Baron of Oakland's Castle.

L. Wil—Why, do you know the Baron of Oakland?

Maud—Aye Sir: I knew him before he was a great man!

Mar—Yes Sir, so did I, for all he holds his head so high now, and quite forgets when he was plain Edmund, the Ploughman.

L. Wil—What, d'ye say—why then who is this lord?

Maud—Ah, Sir, it does not become poor folks to speak ill of people behind their backs, for that it might get to their ears again.

Mar—No Sir; as my grandmother says, it don't become poor folks to say.—

L. Wil—Psha, it becomes every one to speak the truth—torment my curiosity no longer.

Maud—Why, then Sir, you must know that about ten years ago, the old Baron, Lord William, was accused of being in a plot, and conspiring against the life of our good King William, the Conqueror, and was banished.

L. Wil—I remember it.

Maud—He took with him his only son, a fine youth, about twelve years of age; but, alas! Sir, he has not been heard of since.

L. Wil

B. Wil—I am all impatience?

Maud—Now Sir, about a year ago, Lord William's wicked accuser died, and declared the good baron innocent.

L. Wil—Alas!

Maud—The King willing to make reparation, for the wrongs he had done him, endeavoured to find him, but all in vain, therefore his lands and estates have been in possession of a distant relation of the family;—then sir, there is a young baron the present heir to.—

Enter Cicely.

Cice—Aye and a pretty fellow he is too,—you may go in good woman, we have no further occasion for you I believe.

Maud—Good woman—Marry, come up I say, have I lived all these years to be call'd good woman, by a lady's waiting maid! come along Martin—a good woman indeed! *[Exit: Mar—Good woman indeed! Exit.]*

Cice—I have heard the whole story Palemede.

L. Wil—Oh, Cicely!—

Cice—Oh Cicely!—ah, you may spare your long speeches, poor Palamede!—you are in a sad helima truly, and have'nt wit enough to extricate yourself; but want me to help you, I pity you to be sure, but I can't help laughing at you.

L. Wil—I have now still stranger motives for wishing to accompany Lady Elinor to the Castle, motives you cannot guess at.

Cice—Well, Well! so you shall, leave the management of the affair to me, and don't you appear till we are setting off.

L. Wil—I want words to thank you.

Cice—I am very glad of it, for words would take up too much of our time at present, but away and wait till I send for you, *[Exit Lord William]* well! wou'd we were at our journey to Oakland Castle, I wish to see this baron's son,—Dear Curiosity how I long to—gratify you! AIR

A I R—Cicely.

Nature to woman still so kind,
 Among her best boons bestowing;
 What every female sure must find,
 A wond'rous desire to be knowing.

Man, the proud and envious elf,
 So jealous of our discerning;
 Decries in us, what he prides in himself,
 The wish, for whatever's worth learning.

[Exit.

SCENE—*A Rural prospect—A Cottage.*

Enter Robert, and Huntsmen,—in the course of the song, several Huntsmen enter.

A I R—Robert and Chorus.

Hark! the sweet horn proclaims afar,
 Against the stag the mimic war;
 While future heroes' hearts rebound,
 And pant to hear the trumpet sound.
 The warlike genius of our isle,
 Who on the hunter daigns to smile,
 In echoes gives the chase applause,
 Which strings the nerve for Glory's cause:
 Where e'er the devious chase may bend,
 Still freedom shall our steps attend;
 And bid us, as her pleasures rise,
 Defend the blessings which we prize.

[Exit Huntsmen.

Ed—[Without] How are ye my lads?—How are ye?

Rob—O, here comes our young Master, Lord Edward

Enter Edward.

Rob—Does your Lordship hunt to day?

Edw—[Sees Adela at the cottage window, and makes signs to her.] No, Robert not this morning.

Rob.

Rob—What Sir! do you give up the chase when the game's in view: [*Points to Adela's window.*]

Edw—Hush, that's my dear Adela, whom I told you of; she arrived here yesterday evening unknown to any body—if you betray the secret.

Rob—I, Sir! no, no, I am your father's butler, the post of all others which I love, and while I have the management of the wine cellar, it is quite indifferent to me how the world wags;—so I shall follow the Huntsmen.

Edw—But hark'ye Robert, not a word about the Haunted Tower, or you will frighten her out of her wits.

Rob—No, no, Sir—— [*Exit.*]

Edw—Here comes father, strutting along; ecod! he did not strut so when he followed the plough.

Enter Baron and Three Servants.

Bar—Heyday, how dare you appear abroad without your servants with you, why are you walking alone?

Edw—Why father, if one must always move in a crowd, one might as well be bell-weather, to a flock of sheep.

Bar—Sirrah, Sirrah; don't put me in a passion, you have been civil to those rascals, I know you have, why don't you frown at 'em as I do? how often have I told you, there's nothing supports dignity like ill-humour: but you have no ambition.

Edw—Not much indeed.

Bar—Why, have'nt you more pride? hey, if you are not proud you dog, I'll break your bones.

Edw—Why, I can't help nature, father.

Bar—Nature; why, look at me, do you see any thing like nature about me? No, no, yet I, myself, am as vulgarly and naturally pleased as any body; but I'll not show it, I'll defy the best friend I have to say, I have given him a civil word since I have been Baron of Oakland—an't I the terror of the neighbourhood. Edw.

Edw—Yes, that you are; especially since you imprisoned the poor fellow for catching a hare—and it is proved since that he is innocent.

Bar—Innocent, I am very sorry for it—that is—I shou'd be sorry, if I was, not a Baron—give him this money; [*Gives Edward money*] but don't let him know it comes from me, but tell him I have the power to hang him; for I will have no man dare to think I am in the wrong; justice holds her seat in my breast, and is to all parties equal and indifferent.

Edw—Very indifferent indeed.

Bar—What's that you say? if I desired you to behave ill to other people, I didn't mean you should to me—do you know who I am? that I am the Baron of Oakland, and that all dignity flows me:

Edw—Yes, it flows from you pretty fast, I think none seems to stay with you.

Bar—Don't you grumble Sirrah, but do you hear? prepare to receive the Lord de Courcy's daughter, whom I intend for your wife, I expect her arrival every day.

Edw—But perhaps I may not like her, father.

Bar—That may be, but you shall marry her for all that, I insist on it, aye; and love her too—no, —I don't know that I may insist upon that.

Ser—Ha! ha! ha!

Bar—Why, you impudent scoundrels, how dare you laugh so! I'll have no persons to attend upon me that have'n't a proper respect for my dignity—follow me you rascals—

[*Exit with servants.*]

Edw—I hope I shall be too sharp for you, tho' father, for I am determined to marry nobody but Adela, [*knocks at the cottage door and retires, after calling, Adela! Adela!*]

Enter

Enter Adela from the cottage looks surprized at not seeing Edward!

A I R—Adela.

Whither my love! ah! whither art thou gone!
 Let not thy absence cloud this happy dawn.
 Say—by thy heart, can falsehood e'er be known?
 Ah! no, no, I judge it by my own.
 The heart he gave with so much care,
 Which treasur'd in my breast I wear;
 Still for its master beats alone,
 I'm sure the selfish thing's his own.

[Edward appears after the song.]

Adela—Oh, my dear Edward! I am glad you are here, I have got a thousand questions to ask you—is the Lady Elinor de Courcy arrived yet?

Edw—She is not, so all you have to do is, to dress yourself in the cloaths I gave you, and to pass upon father for her.

Adela—Egad, and so I will—I always long'd to be a fine lady, but how shall I manage to behave like one?

Edw—Faith, I can't tell you—however, it don't signify, any thing will pass upon father.

Adela—But are you sure now Edward, he has not much dignity, if he has, I shall only be confounded and look foolish; but is he much like a great gentleman?

Edw—Ha, ha, ha! heav'n bless you, father is no more like a gentleman than I am—

Adela—I am glad of it, for the presence of our great quality folks always takes my breath away, and tho' I cough and hem, for an hour, the deuce a word can I get out.

Edw—'Tis just the same with me—tho' I am a Baron's son, for my part, I never feel myself so much

much like a great man, as when I am with the servants—I hate talking to my betters.

Adela—I am pleased to hear you say so, I was afraid you would have forgot poor Adela, for the rich lady, de Courcy.

Edw—What marry a woman of quality—oh! I shall be a lost man; I shou'd never be able to make free with her—shou'd she use me ever so ill, I cou'd never venture to scold her.

Adela—But when you marry me—

Edw—Oh! I love you so much, that I cou'd scold you with the greatest satisfaction.

Adela—But won't marriage—

Edw—Never fear Adela, love has hitherto been our constant attendants—I'll warrant you he'll follow us to church.

Adela—Ay, but they say, he has a sad knack of leaving married couples at the church door.

Edw—Psha, love and marriage are better friends then you think for.

Adela—Yes, perhaps they are best friends at a distance.

Edw—No, no, like true friends, love and marriage must meet together, to perfect the happiness of both—Oh! Adela, when I come to the title and estate, and you are my lady.

Adela—Oh, we shall be as happy as the day is long.

Edw—Aye, and the night into the bargain.

Adela—Then such dancing—

Edw—And such tilting and cudgel playing.

Adela—And such fine talking and singing—

Edw—And then such eating and drinking.

Adela—And such fine company, and then.—

D U E T—Adela.

Will great lords and ladies,
Drest up on gay days,
Come to visit you and I?

B

Edward

Edward.

All smiling, bowing,
Great friendship vowing,
While we hold our heads so high.

Adela.

But shou'd the fine gentry smoke us,
Lud! how they'll joke us;
How they'll laugh at silly me.

Edward.

Phaw, we shall be ever
Reckon'd vastly clever,
While our pocket's full, d'ye see.

Adela.

Then every day

Edward.

New joy shall bring,

Adela.

And ever gay

Edward.

We'll dance and sing.

Both.

Fall lall de rall,
How merry shall we be.

Adela.

Of great fortune vaunting,
Low people taunting,
Dignity we must support.

Edward.

'Mong high barons bouncing,
Fine ladies founcing,
We may chance to go to court,

Adela.

Well, fegs, I care not,
Court, tho' we share not,
If at home we happy be.

Edward

Edward,

Soon I may be bold
To hope that I shall hold
A little baron on my knee.

Adela.

Then every day

Edward.

New joy shall bring,

Adela.

And ever gay

Edward.

We'll dance and sing.

Both,

Fall lall de rall,
How merry shall we be.

[*Exit Edward and Adela.*]

SCENE—*A Field.*

Enter De Courcy and Attendants.

De Cour—Here let us remain, till I gain some intelligence of the object of our search, I am sure my sister and her attendants must have been on board that very ship, which we saw at a distance in the late storm.

Enter Charles.

De Cour—Well Charles! what news of my sister?

Charles—My lord, I learn that the lady de Courcy is on her road to the Baron of Oakland's Castle, which is at no great distance.

De Cour—And Sir Palamede—

Charles—My lord, I am sorry to say he is with her.

De Cour—Infamy, and dishonour! but I will pursue her, and avenge the wrongs of my family; go forward Charles, and procure every intelligence you can gain—I shall wait for you within a mile of the Baron's Castle.

[Exit De Courcy and Attendants.]

Charles—I will, because it is my duty; but wou'd I were in Normandy again, nothing shou'd induce me to quit it, except my regard for so good a master.

A I R—Charles.

My native land I bade adieu,
And calmly Friendship's joys resign'd;
But ah! how keen my sorrows grew,
When my love I left behind.

Yet should her truth feel no decay,
Should absence prove my charmer kind,
Then shall I not lament the day,
When my love I left behind.

[Exit.]

SCENE—*The inside of Maud's Cottage.*

Enter Lord William, Lady Elinor, and Cicely.

L. Eli—Well! Palamede, I will frankly own to you, that the account, I hear of the Baron of Oakland's son, is far from pleasing me; and though I dare not disobey my father, yet I will do every thing in my power to delay the marriage—

Cice—In short, Sir my lady agrees to my scheme of visiting the castle as Lady Elinor's Attendant till she hears further from the Baron, her father.

L. Wil—Transporting tidings!

TRIO—Lord William, Cicely and Lady Elinor.

Against the shaft of cruel fate,
Why cannot virtue prove a charm,
And of her blind misguided hate,
Capricious Destiny disarm?

Yet

Yet who engag'd in Virtue's cause,
To tread her paths wou'd fear confess,
And on the road reluctant pause,
Because it leads not to success.

[Exit.

END OF ACT FIRST.

A C T II.

SCENE—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter Hugo and Robert.

Hugo—Well Robert!

Rob—Make yourself perfectly easy, friend Hugo, every thing shall be in perfect order to receive Lady Elinor.

Hugo—Aye, I hope so, for the honour of the family; It is near three score years since I was first a servant in Oakland Castle, and have seen three possessions of it; I have come down from father to son, with the rest of the old furniture.

Rob—And a fine tough piece of English Oak you are.

Hugo—I remember the death of Edmund Ironside and the restoration of Canute; I remember the Harolds and Hardy Canute, and the good King Edward the Confessor; and I remember the good Baron, who now haunts the old Tower.

Rob—Hush! no more of that.

Hugo—Ah Robert, if you were old enough to remember what I can.

Rob—I am just as well pleased as it is.

B 3

Hugo

Hugo—We shall have musick and dancing enough at the wedding, I hope Robert—for the honor of Lord Edward.

Rob—Yes, yes, when a man is desperate to attack matrimony, the more noise and bustle the better; like trumpets in a battle, it drowns reflection and prevents cowardice.

Hugo—Are all the pikes and javelins burnished up, and the armoury put in order, and the large stag's horns in the hall dusted?

Rob—Horns are most ominous wedding decorations—No, no, friend Hugo, I have ordered the horns to be taken down.

Hugo—Bless my soul! why, I remember 'em in the family these fifty years.

Rob—For which reason, the young lady ought not to see them.

Hugo—Then is the Lady Elinor very beautiful Robert?

Rob—Why do you ask Hugo, do you admire beauty yet?

Hugo—Oh yes, Robert! I never could yet behold a beautiful woman without admiration; the setting sun may surely cheer my sight tho' it cannot warm my heart. [Exit.]

Rob—I hope Adela has got her fine cloaths on, to pass for Lady Elinor—O! here she comes!

Enter Adela, elegantly dress'd from a door in the back scene.

Adela—Well, here I am at last ready dress'd; to pass for a fine lady; but how long shall I remain so?

Rob—Why, you are now in the high road to success.

Adela—Aye: but there is so many turnings and windings that one is never sure of being right,

Rob—What! Madam with such a guide as Merit.
Adela

Adela—Yes, Merit is often apt to lead one astray;
—Oh dear! I do think the old Baron is coming—
hey, O no! he is'nt—O! I wish the meeting
was over.

Rob—You have no idea, how much you look
like a woman of quality!—

Adela—Indeed?

Rob—Nature certainly intended you for a fine
Lady.

Adela—Then indeed shew as very much mistaken;
for I never in all my life cou'd tell a lie, without
blushing; so I am sure I shall never do for a fine
lady.

Rob—But I hope you have your lesson by heart.

Adela—O ay, let me see, I am come over from
Normandy, from my friends, and arrived here to-
day, didn't I, Sir?

Rob—You did ma'am.

Adela—And anxious to pay my respects to the
Baron of Oakland, left my servants on the road?

Rob—Yes ma'am.

Adela—O! But there's one material circumstance
I have forgot, I don't know who my father is.

Rob—That may happen in the best regulated
families; however, I'll tell you—your father is the
Baron de Courcy of Normandy, a great favorite of
our good King William, and you will remember,
that the King wrote to your father, recommending
this marriage.

Adela—Well, I'll endeavour to recollect if I can,
but you know it is not very strange, I shou'd for-
get what never happened.

Rob—Well madam! I will go and acquaint my
lady of your arrival—and pray be careful in what
you say.

Adela—You may depend on it Sir, I'll not
speak truth if I can possibly help it. [*Exit Robert.*]
These gay trappings hang very much in my way,
I shall make a sad fine lady I fear; I wish I cou'd
fancy

fancy myself in my every day cloaths again, when I think where I am and on what occasion, I wonder at my own confidence! Nothing but love cou'd have inspired it, and to gain my dear Edward, I wou'd attempt a thousand times as much!

A I R——Adela.

Be mine, tender passion, soother of care,
Life's choicest blessing, shield from despair;
Do not deceive me, ah! never leave me,
Still may my bosom thy power declare.
In vain thy influence fools may revile,
Constancy ever gains thy smile.
And of their destiny can those complain;
Whose falsehood dares thy laws profane?
Resolv'd I brave all danger, to every fear a stranger;
Thy sweet rewards, oh, Love to gain,
Then let me combat not in vain;
But in my triumph share,
Thy smiles, for which I bravely dare.

O! here he comes, ah! its all over—I shall never be able to get thro':

Enter Baron and Robert.

Bar—Ah! there she is sure enough—she seems very pretty, what a fine eye she has. [*Aside to Robert.*]

Adela—My courage fails me—'twill never do I find!—[*Aside,*]

Bar—Her coming so suddenly is so cursed unlucky, I don't know what to say to her, I have not got my speech in my pocket; she turns her back upon me, I believe she is very proud—[*Aside to Robert.*]

Adela—Ay, now he is laughing at my awkwardness—I wish he'd speak first, [*Aside.*]

Bar

Bar—Well, come if I must speak, here goes—
My lady, the joy!—I say my lady the joy!—that
is joy my lady creates happiness—and is—is
—joy my lady—which joy I say my lady is—
I hope your Ladyship is pretty well.

Adela—Yes, pure well, I humbly thank your
lordship—O lord! I am glad it's over, the first
word is a great matter, [*Aside.*]

Bar—She's wonderful, condescending, Robert,
considering her high blood, [*Aside to Robert,*]—
Well my lady, as you have been in such a hurry as
to leave your servants on the road, and only to
come here on a hop, as a body may say; I hope
your ladyship will have the goodness, to excuse
all faults.

Adela—O yes, my lord, I'll excuse all your faults
with a good deal of pleasure.

Bar—All my faults, aye, she has found me out
already, [*Aside.*]—Why to be sure my lady, we
all have faults; but if one is of a good family, you
know my lady, it does'nt so much signify.

Adela—O! to be sure not, for though some peo-
ple are a little awkward and bashful before company,
yet I don't think they are a bit the worse for that.

Bar—No, no—that's a hit at me—[*Aside.*]

Adela—For you know my lord, if one is not used
to strange company, one's very apt to look like a
fool—

Bar—Ye—e—s so one is my lady—yes she
means me, [*Aside,*] but come my lady, let's talk of
something else; how does the lord, your father, I
respect a man of his great family.

Adela—Ay my lord, a great family indeed?

Bar—Oh, she's proud enough of her high blood,
tho', [*Aside*] well my lady! no offence, but I fancy
I may venture to say, my family is equal to his!

Adela—Why, I thought Edward told me, he was
his only child, [*Aside*] indeed my lord!

Bar

Bar—Aye, indeed my lady;—now my blood is up, I can talk to her, [*Aside*] and give me leave to assure your ladyship, whatever notions you have form'd of a great family, you'll not be disappointed.

Adela—Ha! ha! ha!

Bar—Ha! ha! ha! [*mimicks her aside,*] What the devil does she mean?

Adela—I declare your lordship makes me laugh, ha! ha! ha!

Bar—Yes I see I do, but I think your ladyship need not be so polite as to tell me so.

Adela—Nay, now your lordship looks angry.

Bar—Have'nt I reason! what did your ladyship mean by affronting me, in telling me of your fathers great family!

Adela—Why so he has, there are eleven of us, boys and girls.

Bar—[*Surprized*] Hey, what?

Adela—[*Aside*] O what have I said!

Bar—[*Aside*] O! I suppose this is some quality joke, and that's the reason I don't understand it.

Enter Edward.

Bar—Come here firrah, there's the Lady Elinor de Courcy! go and talk to her, bid her welcome; and do you hear, don't be bashful, and dishonour your family; but attack her with your whole stock of impudence.

Edw—I bashful! no I thank you, we people of fashion know what's what. [*Dancing up to Adela.*] Tol. de roll, 'am prodigiously happy to see your ladyship;—hope you left all friends in Normandy well, all right and tight, had good weather, and a good ship, no sea sickness; even we people of fashion are subject to it sometimes, as well, as well as other people—an't we father—hey!

Bar

Bar—Why, the boy's assurance astonishes me—
oh! he has touch'd her hand and caught it of
her.

Adela—*[Whispers to Edward.]*

Edw—*[Aside to Adela,]* Never mind I'll bring
you off with the old fellow—ha! ha! ha! a
monstrous good joke indeed, very well faith, very
well, ha! ha! ha!

Adela—Ha! ha! ha!

Bar—*[Looks surprized and then laughs heartily.]*
Ha! ha! ha!

Edw—My dear father: Lady Elinor tells me
she has joked a little with you, as we people o
fashion do without meaning any thing—ha! ha!
ha!

Bar—Aye we people of fashion do, ha! ha! ha! I
beg your ladyship woud'nt think of it.

Edw—Zounds, father don't be bashful—*[To
Adela.]* why don't you bounce a little as I do.

Bar—Well my lady, I am now going to my great
hall, where I'll receive you in form, and I believe
I shall trouble your ladyship with a bit of a speech
on the occasion, come my lady—no, no, you
must not go before me—I am a baron you know,
consider my dignity! *[Exit.]*

Edw—I say Robert, I think we shall be too
cunning for old dignity, though: *[Exit.]*

SCENE—*A view near the Castle.*

Enter Lord William and Lady Elinor.

L. Wil—We are at length arrived at Oakland
Castle, continue your disguise madam, but a little
longer.

L. Eli—And do you Palamede, recommend dis-
guise, you who pretend to be a lover?

AIR

A I R——Lady Elinor.

Hush, hush; such counsels do not give,
A lover's name profaning;
And can her heart deceit advise,
Where mighty love is reigning?

Diffimulation's path you've trod
Too oft to go astray,
And whilst to me, you point the road,
Your footsteps mark the way.

Enter Cicely.

Cice—Oh! madam here comes the old Baron,
but pray think of something melancholy, or you
will certainly laugh; nature and art have made him
such a strange animal, that he seems only to be
laugh'd at; but here he is!

L. Wil—And is this the representation of our
family, degrading thought! but I must dissemble
[*Aside.*]

Enter the Baron.

Bar—[*To Cicely*] So you are an attendant on lady
Elinor de Courcy, hey! but who's that [*pointing*
to Lady Elinor.]

Cice—Oh! that's my lady's own waiting woman,
and a very great favourite of my lady's Sir,—I
assure you.

Bar—She must be a great favorite of every body's
for she's a monstrous pretty girl; and pray who is
that gentleman, is he a favorite of your ladyship's?
[*pointing to Lord William.*]

Cice—O no! that is—that is Sir Palamede
the Baron's Jester.

L. Wil—A curious character she has assigned
me, but I must carry it on, [*Aside*]

Bar—Why, jesting is a very pleasant employment
to be sure, though not a very profitable one.—I
should

shou'd think——hark'ye friend, don't you sometimes get a bone crack'd?

L. Wil—You are mistaken, my lord, we jesters are privileged people; we anatomize vice and folly.

Bar—Ay, that is you cut up people by way of amusement.

L. Wil—Improvement my lord——satire, well applied, is the medicine of the mind——

Bar—That may be, but I don't take physic, so you may spare your trouble; and so the baron pays you for jesting, hey? that's one way of enjoying a jest, at his own expence; but I shou'd think now, so good-natured as the world is, that he might contrive to get laugh'd at, Gratis.

L. Wil—Your lordship finds it so, I have no doubt, now as a specimen.

A I R——Lord William,

Tho' time has from your lordship's face
Made free to steal each youthful grace,

Yet why should you despair?

Old busts oft please the connoisseurs,
So folks of taste, perhaps like yours,

And that removes your care.

'Tis true that silly girls believe
In joys that youth alone can give,

But why shou'd you despair?

'Tis folly governs youth, you know,
And so far young you soon may grow,

So that removes your care.

Whate'er your faults, in person, mind,
(However gross) you chance to find,

Yet why should you despair?

Of flattery you must buy advice,

You're rich enough to pay the price,

So that removes your care.

C

Bar

Bar—Ah! that's another hit at me, but, I dare not repent it, [*Aside*] well, but if you are attendants on the lady Elinor de Courcy, where have you been all this while?

Cice—Oh! Sir, we have left my lady behind on the road.

Bar—Your lady has left you behind you mean—why she's here in the castle.—

L. Wil—Indeed!

Bar—Yes, indeed, Mr. Jest-hunter, and, I am going to give her ladyship audience in my Great Hall—and if we want any body to laugh at—we'll send for you—there, I hit him I think. [*Exit.*]

L. Eli—What can he mean—give me your advice, Palamede.

Cice—Ah, madam! you forgot that Sir Palamede is a lover, and consequently advice is a commodity he does'nt deal in; but if you will take my opinion, ma'am?

L. Wil—Well?

Cice—It is plain some impostor has assumed your ladyship's name, for what purpose we must endeavour to find out; therefore suppose we continue our disguise, wait on the mock lady Elinor, overturn her with respect and confound her with courtesy—

L. Wil—Admirable!—

Enter Lewis with letters, which he delivers to Lord William.

Lew—Sir, the messenger is return'd and brought these letters—Aye, madam, your shadow is here before you, I find—

L. Eli—Hush! not a word, I charge you; from whom are those letters? [*Aside to Lewis.*]

Lew—That's what I want to know, I wish you wou'd ask Sir Palamede, the question?

L. Wil—Lady Elinor, every moment furnishes additional reasons for requesting you will be guided by Cicely's advice. [*Exit with Lady Elinor.*]

Lew

Lew—Ah! Cicely, there they go, a pair of as true turtles as ever bill'd—Oh! what a fine thing mutual love is, if you wou'd but let us follow their example, and fall in love with me in a strange place, now!—

Cice—Oh! you may spare your rhetoric—I promise you, I prize my liberty too much to be talk'd out of it.

A I R—Cicely.

What blest hours, untainted by sorrow,
Does the maiden prove,
Who knows not love,
So merrily she sings thro' the day;
“Dull sorrow shall threaten in vain,
“The delight of heart to restrain,
While from Cupid free,
Blest in Liberty,
“Not a sigh she blends with the strain.”

As she gaily carols along,
Let me join sweet Freedom's song,
O! may my heart
Ever bear a part,
In the envied jocund lay,
While merry the happy maid,
So blithely sings thro' the day. [Exit.

SCENE—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter Edward.

Edw—Where the deuce is Adela? if we can but get married before she is discovered—but, why is she absent? she for whose sake Oakland Castle resounds with jollity, till the old walls crack to their foundations.

A I R—Edward.

Now all in preparation,
For the nuptial celebration,
Each maiden on th' occasion,
Feels her heart in palpitation;
Now a blush, and now a sigh,
Trembling too, she knows not why,
While every lad with expectation,
Finds his heart beats high.

Enter Adela hastily.

Adela—Ah! it's all over, there's an end of our scheme.

Edw—How!

Adela—I knew how it wou'd happen.

Edw—Did you, I wish then you had told me so before!

Adela—Well, it's all a scheme of your own.

Edw—Mine! why you know it was your scheme.

Adela—Why didn't you first propose it?

Edw—Yes, because I was sure you first thought of it.

Adela—Why, did I ever leave my spinning wheel for fine cloaths? why did I quit my father's cottage.!

Edw—Because I got you a better situation to be sure—you won't deny that I sent you to a relation's house in Suffex, six months ago, where you liv'd like a lady, and had nothing to learn, to read all the day along.

Adela—So much the worse, improving the mind as they call it, only serves to make one lazy; in my father's cottage, industry took up all our time, Wealth never came near our door.

Edw—If he had, you wou'd have been glad to have ask'd him in.

Adela—No Sir! there Innocence, and Happiness were our guests.

Edw

Edw—'Twas lucky they didn't take up much room, or the house woud'nt have been big enough to hold 'em—I fancy all the spare corners were occupied by birds and beasts.

Adela—Well, I own it! we did all sleep under one roof; the family, the pigs, and poultry all in harmony, peace and friendship.

Edw—Except now and then, when you ate some of your company for dinner.

Adela—[*Sobbing*] Oh! oh!

Edw—Why look 'ee there; now that's always your way, if one says any thing to you—you fall a crying!—

Adela—You want to break my heart!—I see that.

Edw—No, I dont—

Adela—Yes, you do—

Enter Robert.

Rob—Why, what signifies quarrelling now my lord.

Edw—Why, I don't know Robert, she will quarrel I think.

Adela—No, it is you—

Rob—Come be friends I say, we are all in a pretty hoble to be sure.

Adela—Yes, and I believe you brought us into it.

Edw—'Tis my opinion he did—

Rob—Me!

Adela—Yes, I am sure, Edward woud'nt have thought of such a thing, if you had'nt put it into his head.

Edw—No, that I shoud'nt—

Rob—You are both very entertaining and so I shall leave you to yourselves.

Edw—Nay, but Robert, don't desert us.

Rob—Faith I shall make my peace with your father, by falling on my knees, and asking pardon immediately.

Adela—Had'nt we better do the same, Edward? for consider we are all in the same boat, and if we pull different ways, we shall certainly go to the bottom.

Edw—That is very true,——so Robert you shall be our pilot.

Rob—Well! then we must 'een meet the old baron in the hall of audience, at any rate; [how wonderfully does common interest beget friendship!]

[Exit.

Edw—Adela——

Adela——Well——

Edw—You forget we have been quarrelling, kifs and friends, you know——[kifs and exeunt.]

A I R——Edward.

While swords and shields are clashing,
Archers aiming, cudgels thrashing,
The ale to none denying,
Flaggons far and wide supplying,
With tilters fencing, wrestlers boasting.
Bonfires blazing, oxen roasting;
And all the vassals flock around,
What pleasures now abound!
Now all in preparation,
For the nuptial celebration.

SCENE——*An Antique Hall, a State Chair on several People discover'd, Tenants, Servants, &c.*

Enter Lord William, Lady Elinor, Cicely, Lewis, Martin and Charles.

Cice—Well Charles, how did you come over from Normandy?

Charles—Why, Cupid lent me his wings and I hovered over your ship——come, come, Cicely you know as well as I, there were more lovers aboard than the Captain knew of——

Cice

Cice—I believe I had better ask no more questions.

L. Wil—Lewis, come hither, you are sure that not a whisper has escaped you; likely to discover Lady Elinor.

Lew—Lord, Sir! I have done nothing but ate and drink since I have been here, so that I have no time for talking.

L. Wil—And our honest guide here: [*pointin' to Martin.*]

Lew—Oh! no, Sir, he has been so taken up between hunger and wonder—that he has not thought of secrets.

L. Eli—You are certain the servants know what to do Cicely?

Cice—O yes, madam, I have given them all their lessons, and you'll see them receive the mock Lady Elinor, as you cou'd wish, but see, she comes!—

Enter Adela, Edward, and Robert.

Cice—Now, ma'am, to compleat their astonishment!

S E S T E T T O.]

Lord William, Cicely, and Lady Elinor.

By mutual love delighted,
Here Fortune's fav'rites see,
In Hymen's bonds united,
How happy must they be.

Adela.

Whom can they mean?—not me.

Edward.

Nor me.

Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for me.

Charles.

What grace!—what an air!

Lord

Lord William.

A face so fair.

Cicely and Charles.

Born to command the happy pair.

Lord William, Cicely, and Lady Elinor.

By mutual love delighted,
Here Fortune's fav'rites see, &c.
In Hymen's bonds united,
How happy must they be.

Edward.

Egad the joke we'll humour;

Adela.

With all my heart, say I.

Edward.

Who for success can do more,
Than every chance to try,

Charles.

Her courage falters——mark her eyes;
See from her cheek the colour flies,

Cicely.

Poor girl——I pity her distress,
Yet Mischief says we can't do less.

Robert to Adela.

You tremble——courage——come, go on.

Adela.

Ah me! my boasted spirit's gone;
Alas! why didst thou, hapless maid,
By silly vanity betray'd,
Expose thy peace of mind to gain
A prize, thou never canst obtain?

Enter Baron,—Struts to the Chair, sits down with great ceremony, then rises, and speaks; his hat in his hand with the speech in it—which he occasionally looks at. **Bar**

Bar—Hem! my Lady Elinor de Courcy—now some men in my situation, wou'd make you a set speech on the occasion; but I shall give your ladyship a touch off hand; as to your great family, my lady, all the world knows that—and as to your beauty—why that speaks for itself, as a body may say;—but I say, when I consider, my lady—I say—when I consider how vain it wou'd be to number your numberless qualifications, and when I think of your goodness, in—confering this visit—I want words—[*Edward takes the speech slyly out of his father's hat:*] I say, my Lady Elinor, I want words to—[*misses the speech:*] Hey! egad, I do want words!—I say—madam—my ladyship I,——I,——I, want words!——

Edw—If my father had not wanted words madam, he would have attempted to express, his inexpressible satisfaction—but 'tis just as well as it is—the less that's said, the more there is to guess at.

Enter Servant.

Ser—My Lord! a gentleman wishes to speak with you immediately.

Bar—I come to him. [*Exit servant.*] I declare my lady! I am quite agham'd that I——

Adela—O, pray my lord make no apologies!—you know you want words, and it is quite time to have done, when one has'nt any more to say——

Bar—Aye, my lady, but I had a great deal more to say—if I had'nt lost my speech—[*aside and exit.*]

Adela—[*To Edward*] I can't make out the meaning of all this, I don't understand the jest!——

Edw—Nor I, upon my soul—but I'll try to find it out, for my part I think we are in a dream.

Adela—I am sure it is a very pleasant one, I have'nt the least desire to be wak'd from it.

[*They*

[*They Sing part of the last Air again, and exeunt, Lord William, Lady Elinor, Cicely, Lewis, Charles, Edward, Adela, and Robert.*]

Lord William, Cicely, Lady Elinor, Charles, and Robert.

Alas! behold the silly maid,
By pride, by vanity betray'd:
Expose her peace of mind to gain
A prize she never can obtain.

SCENE—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter Baron and De Courcy.

Bar—This way my lord, this way, I am glad to see your lordship—

De Cour—Hush, my lord! remember that I am here in disguise; I must depend on your friendship, to conceal me from my sister's attendants, till I am revenged on Sir Palamede—

Bar—And so this Palamede—

De Cour—He has long privately lov'd my sister, but the mean advantage he has now taken of our confidence in him—

Bar—O! hang him, an abusive sneering knave, to pass on me for your lordship's jester; I wish I had known this—

De Cour—But we must be cautious—[*Laughing within.*] Hark! what noise is that?

Bar—Only my vassals carousing, in consequence of this marriage of your sister's in our family.

De Cour—The sounds of festivity, but ill accord with my feelings; a more retired apartment might suit our purpose better.

Bar—Certainly, my lord, private concerns, must give way to public justice. [Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE—*The Kitchen, Tenants and Servants, discovered at different tables—at the upper end an Ox, roasting, Cooks, &c. basting it.*

Robert comes forward and sings.

AIR—Robert.

Now mighty roast beef is the Englishman's food,
It ennobles our veins, and enriches our blood,
Our soldiers are brave, and our barons are good,
Oh! the roast beef of Old England, and Old English roast beef.

Our barons, my boys, are robust, stout and strong,
And keep open house with good cheer all day long,
Which makes their plump tenants rejoice in this song,
Oh! the roast beef, &c.

Enter Lord William, Lady Elinor, and Cicely.

Rob—Come, my lads and lasses, at this feast every one must contribute to the common stock of merriment, that is the only reckoning we have to pay.

FINALE.

Lady Elinor, and Cicely.

Love's sweet voice to Hymen speaking
Breathing thro' the dulcet flute;
Lift'ning joy the accents seeking,
Bids complaining Care be mute.

CHORUS.

High above dull Sorrow's level,
Now the tide of joy display;
Love and Hymen bid us revel,
Bid us hail this happy day.

Lord

Lord William.

Let the vine's enlivening treasure
Rising kiss the goblet's brim,
Till we see exulting pleasure,
On the smiling surface swim.

C H O R U S.

High above dull Sorrow's level,
Now the generous tide display;
'Tis gay Bacchus bid us revel,
Bids us hail this happy day.

Cicely.

While the merry bells resounding,
Shall in pleasure's chorus chime,
From the trembling floor rebounding,
Let the varied dance beat time.

C H O R U S.

High above dull Sorrow's level,
Now the tide of joy display,
Love and Hymen bid us revel,
Bid us hail this happy day.

END OF ACT SECOND.

A C T III.

SCENE—*A Room in the Castle.**Enter De Courcy and Charles.*

De Courcy,

YOU are sure that the soldiers are plac'd at every
avenue to the Castle?

Char—My lord, it is impossible Sir Palamede
shou'd escape!

De Cour—And you say, you observ'd him this
evening?

Char—I did, my lord, and notwithstanding he ap-
pear'd to join the general festivity; yet at times he
sigh'd so piteously, that I cou'd not help saying to
myself, your honour cou'd never find in your heart
to kill so brave a gentleman.

De Cour—Leave me and be ready at the time ap-
pointed—and shall this slave boast a virtue to
which I am a stranger—shall his rugged heart
feel compassion for wretched, whilst I unmoved
doom to destruction, him! who has been my Com-
panion!—my Friend!—my Brother!—*[Aside,]*
Poor Palamede, I will see him and converse with
him—perhaps he is not so guilty as he appears—
at least let me remember that he is unfortunate!

[Exit.

Char—There spoke the generous feelings of de
Courcy.

AIR—Charles.

Where'er true valour can its power display,

There meek-ey'd Pity, anxious still to bless,

With jealous honour holds divided sway,

And from avenging anger shields distress.

D

Ne'er

Ne'er shall the sword of Honour dare invade
 The spell bound spot, where Pity drops a tear;
 For where Misfortune casts her sacred shade,
 There deepest injury must disappear,

Enter De Courcy and Baron.

Bar—O, my lord de Courcy, I am glad I have found you, I have strange news to tell you; only think my lord, when I thought my vassals had retired fatigued, and gone dutifully drunk to bed, the whole village is up and scouring their old helmets and armour; I am sure there's mischief in the wind when these rascals are so industrious.

De Cour—Compose yourself my lord, you seem quite alarm'd!—

Bar—Alarm'd my lord! why, tho' I am naturally as brave as a lion; yet I do not like to be taken thus by surprize; it is that which alarms me—and Sir Palamede I am sure is at the bottom of this.

De Cour—Perhaps then he has heard of my arrival, and finding himself discovered, means to oppose force by force.

Bar—You are right my lord, he has been sending and receiving letters and messages all night in a continual ebb and flow of mischief.

De Cour—S'death, can he descend so low as to mislead the rabble into revolt—the traitor shall perish—but where is my sister?

Bar—I don't know my lord, but here comes my son, I dare say he'll tell you.

De Cour—Do not discover me yet, even to him.

Bar—Why my lord, as he is shortly to be related to your lordship, I can't see that it signifies—but it shall be as you please; harkce sirrah! come here, where is lady Elinor?

Enter Edward half drunk.

Edw—In her own room, I took her a cup of wine just now—but the dear creature prefer'd ale: she seems prodigiously fond of ale. De

De Cour—Who! Lady Elinor, Sir?

Edw—Yes Sir, Lady Elinor, my wife that is to be; what have you to say to that? Sir!

De Cour—Pardon me Sir,——but are you assured of the lady's affections?

Bar—Aye firrah, are you sure that she is fond of you.

Edw—Fond of me, ha! ha! ha! dammee look at me!

De Cour—I believe she was once attached to another, one Sir Palamede.

Edw—I believe not friend, and my reason for thinking so, is that the dear little wench never saw Sir Palamede in all her life.

De Cour—Sir, when you name that lady, you shou'd remember the respect due to her family.

Edw—[*Snaps his finger*] That for her family——she is a bud of beauty, which I have gather'd to wear next my heart, and the devil may take the rest of the family-tree for me, here she comes i'faith——

Enter Adela.

Edw—Ah! my dear lady Elinor——

De Cour—Astonishment!——this must be some plot of Palamede's, [*Aside.*]

Bar—Why, my lord, your sister does not seem to know you,——ah, this is another quality joke, now I'll be sworn.

De Cour—He is deceived too! [*Aside.*]

Bar—Why, my lord, I think there's a very strong family likeness between you.

De Cour—I perceive my lord, you are imposed on, but you shall soon be avenged. [*Exit.*]

Bar—How imposed on! O, he means they have been joking on me,——ay but he was serious;——egad, I believe I shou'd be angry,——but then if

I shou'd be in the wrong ;—I'll e'en go after him
and ask whether I ought to be in a passion or not.

[Exit.

Adela—Why, I say Edward, the Lady Elinor's
attendants did call me their lady for the jok's sake;
yet it must soon be out that I am myself.

Edw—That's not unlikely.

Adela—And if Lady Elinor shou'd be as handsome,
as we heard, and your father shou'd be very
pressing—

Edw—Then you think I shou'd desert you!—
hah.

Adela—Your deserting me wou'd then [be called
by another name, for fine folks have fine names
for bad actions, to make them seem like good ones.

Edw—Why, look'ye, my dear Adela,—I was
always a blundering fellow at a fine speech ; [scod
I am like my father for that,] but if I thought my
being a nobleman wou'd make me love you a jot
the less, deuce take me if I had not rather remain
a ploughman all my life,—now do you believe
me?

Adela—I do.

A I R—Adela.

Love from the heart, all its danger concealing,
Reason they say, the fond spell can remove;
But bliss kindly stealing,
Still the delusion so sweet may I prove.

For should you betray me, your falsehood per-
ceiving,
Too well do I love you, the peril to shun:
So if you must cheat me, still further deceiving;
Oh! blinded by hope, to the last leads me on.

SCENE

SCENE—*The Sea at the back of the stage and a light house,——a part of the Tower is seen, the cellar door by the second wing;——a little further, a flight of stairs leading to a door,——stage lights down.*

Enter Lady Elinor solus.

Why, did I not insist on Sir Palamede explaining this mystery?——[*She retires up the stage.*]

Enter Lord William,

Welcome, thrice welcome, ye scenes which remind me of happier days;——every step I take——every object of remembrance, warms me with new incitements to assert my birthright,—— [*Lady Elinor comes forward,*] How Lady Elinor!

L. Eli—O Palamede! for heaven's sake, why this mystery?

L. Wil—Spare me the explanation of what is yet improper for you to know;——shew me esteem by confiding in my honour,——he who is beloved by you, cannot act unworthily.

L. Eli—I am uneasy only on your account,——therefore do not flatter me, or keep me longer in suspense!

L. Wil—To night is the Crisis of my fate, and to-morrow's sun shall dispel the cloud of mystery in which it is involved.

D U E T——*Lord William and Lady Elinor.*

Lady Elinor.

Dangers unknown impending,
Doubt multiplies my fears,

Lord William.

Laurels my steps attending,
Shall spring from beauty's tears.

D 3.

Lady

Lady Elinor,
Thus in suspense to leave thee,

Lord William.
Think'st thou, I can deceive thee?

Lady Elinor.
———To leave thee.

Lord William.
———To leave thee!

Both.
Say, wilt thou still prove true?
Yes, I will still prove true.
And must we bid adieu? *[Exit Lady Elinor,*

*L. Wil—*Cruel concealment, yet it must be so,
one only have I trusted in this castle and he is here.

Enter Hugo, sword on.

*Hugo—*Ah! my dear young master, what pleasure does your old servant feel, in seeing you once more in your native land! Heaven help us, what strange events have happened, since the good baron your father quitted England.—I long to hear your adventures in France.

*L. Wil—*It is a long story my friend.

*Hugo—*So much the better,—I like long stories,—I often tell long stories myself,—remembrance forms the old man's banquet, and let the viands be ever so ordinary, memory cooks them to his liking.

*L. Wil—*Hugo this is not time for words, I must support my claim to the honors of my ancestors and this hour,—

*Hugo—*What my lord?

*L. Wil—*Hear me! I have written to an old and allied friend of my father's, a powerful nobleman, and near the king's person, he has assured me of
my

my sovereign's favour,—and I expect hourly letters from the king, acknowledging me Baron of Oakland.

Hugo—Well my lord!

L. Wil—In the mean time my zealous friend, has advised me to surprize the castle without delay, to man all resistance to the king's commands.

Hugo—Surprize the Castle! why my lord, I'll fight as long as I can, [*draws his sword.*] but here are only two of us.

L. Wil—Good old man! I shall not need your assistance, a guard of an hundred chosen troops sent by the good Lord Hubert, enter'd the village in the dusk of the evening;—the news of my return is receiv'd by the vassels with transport, and they are this moment arming in my cause.

Hugo—Then, why do we stay here, I'll go and get on my armour?

L. Wil—It is not yet time;—the tolling of the Curfew will give me notice when all is ready: but tell me Hugo, was not my father's armour kept in an apartment in that Tower?

Hugo—Yes, my lord in that very apartment over the wine cellar.

L. Wil—And has the armour ever been removed from thence?

Hugo—Never! I'll answer for that,—the room has been shut up these ten years past to my knowledge; I have still preserv'd my key to the door which leads to it thro' the long gallery,

L. Wil—Give time, [*Hugo gives a key,*] now let us be gone.

Hugo—Excuse me my lord, I'll follow you to battle; but not into that apartment.

L. Wil—Why not?

Hugo—Ah, my lord I tremble at the thoughts of it, no living soul has enter'd that room for these ten years,—voices have been heard and lights

seen.

seen,—in short it is haunted, and tho' I lov'd your worthy father when he was alive—I,—I,—I, [*light is seen at a window in the Tower.*]

L. Wil—By heav'n's a light appears thro' the casement at this moment.

Hugo—And so there does, my dear master don't be rash.

L. Wil—Hark! I hear a noise from the Tower, wait for me here, [*draws.*] and beware your fears do not betray you, [*goes up the steps and unlocks the door and exit.*]

Hugo—My lord,—my dear lord William don't leave me alone!—he's gone!—oh that cursed Haunted Chamber! I can't stay near it—I,—I, find the only means of preserving my courage is to carry it along with me. [*Exit.*]

Enter Baron.

Why, sure that was old Hugo, yes and with his sword drawn, oh, he's in the plot!—O lord! O lord! there's the spirit playing his illumination tricks in the Haunted Chamber;—Oh, how I long to attack this old rogue Hugo, because I am sure I cou'd beat him;—aye, but then I dare not venture alone, valour with me is of a companionable nature and don't like solitude;—My courage is something like the vine, to produce good fruit it must be well supported;—hey, sure I hear somebody coming out of my wine-cellar!—egad, I'll step aside, I may make some discoveries here. [*Retires.*]

Enter Robert and Martin from the Cellar door.

Rob—Well my boy, now I have made you free of our cellar.

Mar—[*Half drunk*] Give me your hand, give me your hand, Master Robert, I'll live and die with you, of all inventions that ever were thought of, there's none to my mind like good eating and drinking.

Rob—And for that, Martin, I'll match all Kent, I know the privilege of a diligent butler too well

to suffer my master to taste wine till I have approv'd of it.

Bar—[*Aside*] Oh! the villian.

Mar—That's right, that's right, give me your hand again; O Master Robert! what a happy dog you are to have the command of such a wine cellar.

Rob—Ay, Martin, there I sit, absolute monarch of all the prostrate bottles.

Bar—[*Aside*] Mighty well!—but I'll be even with you rascalls. [*Exit into the Cellar,*]

Enter Servant.

Rob—Well, can you find friend Lewis, in the garden?

Ser—No master Robert.

Rob—He has certainly lost his way, let us go in search of him, Martin?

Mar—Aye, Master Robert, do you go one way and I'll go the other.

Rob—And to prevent accidents I'll lock the cellar door for the present, we'll soon return and finish the evening. [*Locks the door and Exit with Servant.*]

[*Exit Martin.*]

SCENE—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter Lady Elinor and Cicely.

L. Eli—And so the mock Lady Elinor is coming, Cicely?—Yet how can I trifle thus? While Pamela's fate is in suspense.

A I R—Lady Elinor.

Dread parent of despair,
Thou tyrant of my mind,
Who ling'ring seem'st to spair,
To point the worst behind,
At once compleat my woe,
Display thy ills in store,
Ah! quickly strike the blow!
'Tis all that I implore.

Cice—

Cice—Ah madam! it must be a sad thing to be of a good family, thank heaven! I who have no noble blood in my veins have the dearest of all privileges, that of chusing a husband for myself.

A I R.—Cicely.

From high birth and all its fetters,
My kind stars my lot remove;
I shall envy not my betters,
Give me but the youth I love.

Love's the riches of the poor,
A prize that wealth can ne'er procure;
My rich mistress fain wou'd be
Just as poor as Cicely.
From high birth, &c.

Enter Adela and Robert.

Adela—These waiting maids pester me to death with questions, here they are again,——

Cice—[*Aside to Lady Elinor,*] Now madam, to throw her off her guard, endeavour to provoke her and gratify your curiosity.

L. Eli—Why, I shou'd like it, but she looks as if she could beat me;—pray madam wou'd your ladyship please to go to bed?

Adela—No, my ladyship does not please to go to bed.

Rob—No, her ladyship does not please to go to bed.

L. Eli—It is my duty to wait on your ladyship.

Adela—Well, wait in another room then.

Rob—Aye, wait in another room.

L. Eli—Pray my lady forgive me.

Adela—No, I will not forgive you!——I can't bear it [*Aside*] begone! I discharge you my service.

DUET

D U E T—*Elinor and Adela.*

Adela.

Begone! I discharge you! away from my sight!
In my presence appear never after this night.

Lady Elinor.

Your ladyship's orders with grief I obey;
Yet, e're I depart, a few words may I say?

Adela.

I'll try to keep my passion under,
And treat the flirt with silent scorn.

Lady Elinor.

You're too poor to move my rage.

Adela.

Prithee now this wrath assuage.

Lady Elinor.

How the saucy creature stares.

Adela.

Tell me, madam, why these airs.

Both.

Tho' pride and folly should intrude,
They can't good breeding pain;
Their silly jests, so bold and rude,
Raise laughter and disdain.

Of rank and education,
What wretched imitation!
Contempt must sure befall you,
You vain——what shall I call you?
Tho' at scolding so alert,
I fancy now she's really hurt.

[*Exit Adela, Robert, Lady Elinor and Cicely.*]

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[*Exit Adela, Robert, Lady Elinor and Cicely.*]

SCENE

SCENE—A Chamber in the Tower, folding Doors in the back Scene, and arch leading to another Apartment thro' which enter Lord William.

L. Wil—Now to the object of my learch, [*opens the doors and discovers his fathers armour brings forward the sword and shield*] kind fortune I thank thee!—sacred to the defence of a just cause, the shield of the father shall protect his son, fighting for the rights of an illustrious family.

A I R—Lord William.

Spirit of my fainted fire,
With success my soul inspire,
Deeds of glory done by thee
In mem'ry's mirror now I see.
Let the great examples raise
Valour's purest, brightest blaze,
Till the prowess of my arm
The eye of fickle Conquest charm,
And fame shall, when the battle's won,
Declare that I am all thy son.
Spirit of my fainted fire;
With success my soul inspire.
The inspiration now I feel,
The ardent glow of patriot zeal,
Brighter prospects now arise,
The voice of Conquest rends the skies.

[*Exit and shuts the folding doors after him.*]

Rob—Well Lewis! since we have met with you at last, I'll give you a specimen of English Hospitality, we have plenty of liquor in the cellar underneath, and egad we'll make a night of it.

Lew—That's right master Robert, and I love good eating and drinking, so I'll drink with you if it is only to shew you I like your company.

Mar—But you have'nt told me yet about this Haunted Tower.

Lew

Lew—Well, I declare I'm glad of it for your sake, for I am sure you must be dry after telling such a long story.

Rob—Come my boys, lend me a hand, [*They bring in a table with wine and ale, and three three-legg'd stools. Robert sits at the head of the table, Martin and Lewis on each side.*]

Lew—What have we got here?

Rob—Some of the best wine in Christendom, my lad; aye, and some of the best ale too, which to me, is the best of all liquors;—the scurvy old knave, my master, who I dare say is a-bed and a-sleep, little thinks the honour we are doing to his cellar.

Lewis and Martin—Ha! ha! ha!

Rob—Now for't my boys; here's to ye!

CATCH—Robert, &c. &c.

As now we're met, a jolly set,
A fig for sack or sherry;
Our ale we'll drink,
And our cans we'll clink,
And we'll be wondrous merry

Merry, my hearts—merry, my boys,
We'll sing with a hey down derry,
The baron himself knows no such joys,
We are so wondrous merry.

Rob—Come, drink about, [*sings*] “And we'll be wondrous merry.”

L. Wil—[*Behind, imitates Robert.*] “And we'll be wondrous merry.”

Rob—Hey day! what's that?

Lew—That, oh! that's an echo, I suppose.

Rob—An echo! I never observ'd one here, I—

Mar—O Master Robert! is'nt this the chamber you said was haunted?

E

Lew

Lew—Egad then, its haunted by a jolly spirit—so here's to the ghost!—[*sings*] “And we'll be wondrous merry.”

L. Wil—[*Behind, in Lewis's voice*] “And we'll be wondrous merry,” [*a noise underneath the stage.*]

Rob—What think ye now?

Lew—Why, I think there's a damn'd noise in the cellar, [*The trap door that Robert had pointed to is thrown open and knocks down the table, which they had placed on it, and the Baron appears coming thro' it.*]

Bar—Gentlemen, your most obedient, pray don't let me disturb you, pray go on, my butler here, sets you a good example; so pray make free with my property,—upon my life this is a very pretty Chamber to be haunted; the ghost has an excellent choice, but I never knew that your troubled spirits were, such consummers of ale and wine before. [*a knocking at door,*] pray who is that? is it any friend or your's gentlemen.

Mar—Yes, please your worshipful honour, it is only Hubert with the supper.

Bar—O! Hubert with the supper, is it? desire him to walk in [*the Baron opens the door. Enter Hubert with some beef and bread.*] Come in Hubert, here are none but friends, O never mind me, come put the supper on the table. [*Hubert puts it on the table*] And now gentlemen sit down and eat heartily.

Lew—I am much oblig'd to your honour, but I am not hungry now.

Rob—If but your honour wou'd but hear me.

Bar—O! with a great deal of pleasure, honest Robert, I was but ill situated in the cellar to hear that catch you sung just now;—rogues! rascals! robbers! whose only sign of fear is, you can't bear your own consciences, so you are afraid of spirits; where's the echo, you conjur'd up just now?

Rob—Indeed! me lord, we heard an echo.

Bar

Bar—Did you? well, sing again then, and let me hear it, I'll shew you a pattern of resolution you rascallions.

Rob—Now mark my lord, [*sings*] "And we'll be wondrous merry"

L. Wil—[*Behind in Robert's voice*] "And we'll be wondrous merry."

Bar—[*Alarm'd*] Egad, but its an odd sort of an echo.

Lew—Suppose your honour was to speak to it, perhaps it wou'd answer you civilly.

Bar—O! I dare say 'twill have a proper respect for my dignity,—what are you ghost or spirit?

L. Wil—[*In Baron's voice.*] "Ghost or spirit."

Bar—[*Very much frighten'd*] O lord! O lord!—why!—why! don't some of you speak to me?—what—what,—are you afraid of?—Robert, what makes you look so pale?—for my part—I!—I!—I don't believe in apparitions, do you friend? [*to Lewis.*]

Hugo—[*Behind*] Lord William, my dear master Lord William!

Rob—Hark my lord! there's a voice.

Bar—Oh! I am a lost man,—but—why,—do you all tre-m-b-le so! [*a bell tolls*] O lord! there's the Curfew going at this hour.

A Trumpet is heard at a distance, Lord William throws open the doors and walks with great solemnity in his father's armour, and exit. The trumpet is heard till he is quite off. The Baron &c. retire very much frighten'd.

Bar—O, dear me it is the old Baron's ghost! I have seen him wear that shield and helmet a thousand times.

E 2

Lew

Lew—[*During this speech of the Baron's, creeps round, as looking after Lord William.*] O! my lord here's more miracles! the spirit has met some armed men and they are all fighting,—that's right,—that's right;—well done my boys—damme they have kill'd the ghost, huzza.

All—Huzza,—huzza!—

Bar—Egad, that's rare news, come lets go and see what its all about, I'll lead the way, do you follow me,—hey—no Robert, you shall go first;—no,—no,—stop, come back—we'll all go together, and then we can take care of one another—[*drums and trumpets heard.*]

[*They exeunt very much alarm'd.*]

SCENE—An Apartment in the Castle, drums and trumpets without.

Enter Edward and Adela [Edward with a sword and shield.]

Adela—O Edward! I am frighten'd to death! it was an unlucky day for us when I turn'd fine lady, and nothing but unlucky days have we had ever since.

Edw—Lucky or unlucky,—I fancy there's an end of 'em now, bad as the days were, I wish they were to come over again.

Enter Baron, [with his sword drawn, and some old armour awkwardly put on.]

Bar—O dear! O dear, they are all at it.

Edw—What! what are they at?

Bar—Why, fighting, O my Lady Elinor! why don't you order your foldiers to fall on?—O how I hate a man that won't fight.

Adela

Adela—What, is any body kill'd my lord!

Bar—Kill'd, why we shall all be kill'd, men, women and children.

Enter Lady Elinor finely dress'd.

L. Eli—For shame my lord! why do you stand idle here? your soldiers call on you to head 'em, —where's my brother?

Bar—Your brother, why what signifies your brother, why they are thirty thousand strong.

L. Eli—I mean the Lord de Courcy. *[Exit.*

Bar—The Lord de Courcy, —why an't you —

Adela—O, no indeed my lord, I am not, —I am quite sick of passing for a fine lady.

Enter Servant.

Ser—My lord, you must come immediately, they are forcing the castle gates. *[Exit.*

Bar—Forcing the castle gates, O lord I shall die of a fright! and never live to be kill'd.

[Exit Baron, Edward and Adela.]

SCENE—*Changes to the Hall, after alarms of drums and trumpets.*

Enter Edward and Adela.

Edw—They have gain'd the Citadel, and we shall be put to the sword.

Enter

Enter De Courcy, Lord William and Knights.

De Cour—Once more my noble friend, I congratulate you on your success.

Enter Lady Elinor, Cicely and Charles.

L. Eli—My brother!

De Cour—My father contracted you in marriage with the young Baron of Oakland;—I present him to you, I deem'd him my enemy till I knew him, it is now my pride to call him my friend.

L. Wil—This is a more valuable present my lord, than the life you gave me, when overpower'd by your soldiers in the garden you, still thought me your enemy.

Enter the Baron between two armed Men.

Bar—O dear! spare my life, and I'll agree to any terms.

Adela—*[To Lord William.]* then Sir, begging your pardon for my boldness, I suppose you are the ghost we heard of?

Bar—Yes, and you I suppose are the sham Lady Elinor, we have heard of; egad, now I find how things are, I have reason to be in a passion.

L. Wil—You Sir, *[to Baron]* have a right to an explanation, I scorn to owe my title to force; I am confirmed by my sovereign in the dignity and estates of my father:—be assured however, that I shall be ambitious to prove myself your friend.

Bar—And that's an ambition I shall be very glad to gratify you in.

L. Wil—*[to Edward and Adela]* As for this young couple, I hope I shall have the satisfaction of adding to their store of Hymen's comforts.

Edw

Ewd. l.—Thank you my lord,—I begin to be much less inclined to Nobility after the bustle I have seen to-night, and I'm fain to comfort myself with the old remark,—“that a title cannot bestow happiness.”

Adela—Yes, but I can though there is a title for which I'd give up to all others, it is the wife of my Edward.

L. Eli—My fluttering heart cannot express the joy it feels at your triumph. [*to Lord William.*]

*L. Wil—A triumph crowned by the possession of that heart which now approves it.

FINALE.

The banish'd ills of heretofore
At happy distance viewing;
Of the past we'll think no more,
While future bliss pursuing.

When engaged in Pleasure's chace,
Never look behind you;
Back if you shou'd turn your face,
Misfortune's dust may blind you.

Lord William, and Lady Elinor.

Here let the titled wedded pair,
A lesson take from humble life;
Nor in the lady and the lord,
Forget the husband and the wife.
Ne'er shall th' example us reprove,
Whose proudest boast shall be our love.

SESTETTO.

The present hour is ever ready,
To assume a smiling face;
If to wisdom's counsels steady,
Pleasure's precepts you embrace.

Edward

Edward.

The' no more I am a lord,
Give my love but this reward,
Rank and title I forego.

Adela.

No, my Edward, say not so:

CHORUS.

The banish'd ills, &c.

F I N I S.
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